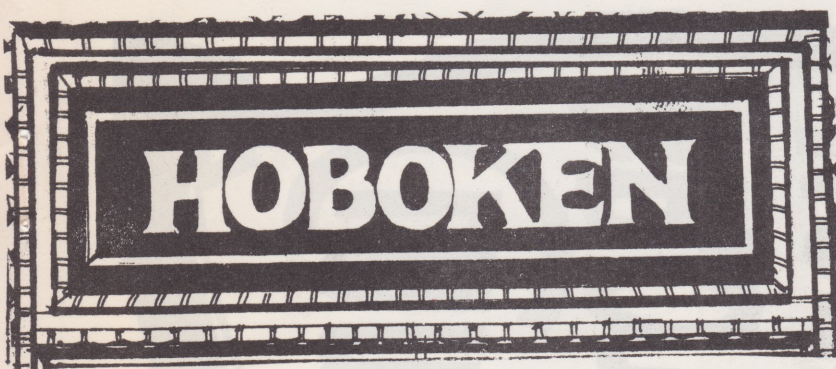
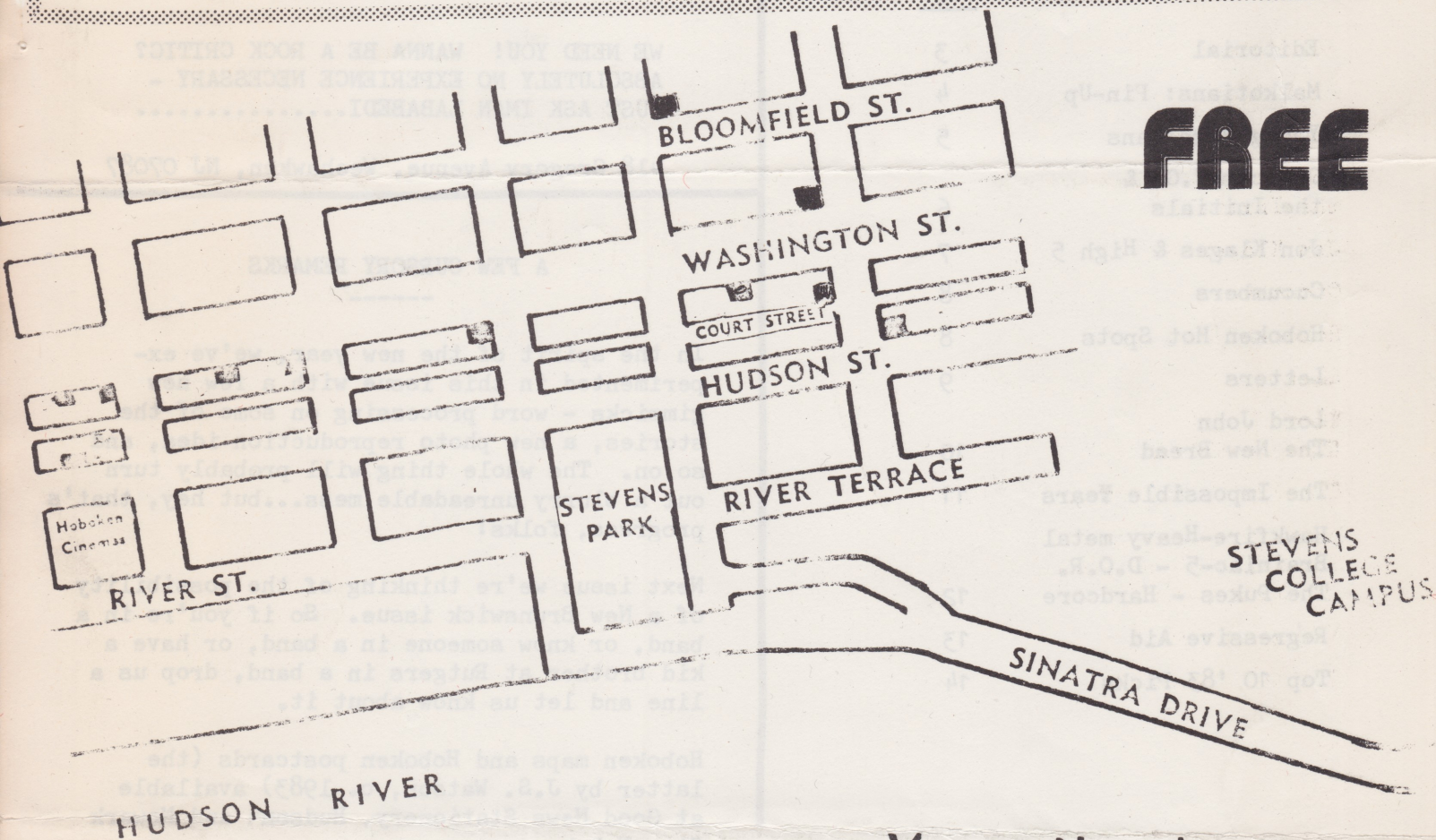


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1996

JERSEY BEAT

No.13 FEB. - MARCH '84

NJ's NEW MUSIC 'ZINE



Young Hegelians
Jon Klages & High 5
Cucumbers
Where to go
Objects

...WHAT'S LEFT?

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STAFF

CHIEF PROGRAMMER.....JIM TESTA
 TECHNICIANS.....PATTIE KLEINKE
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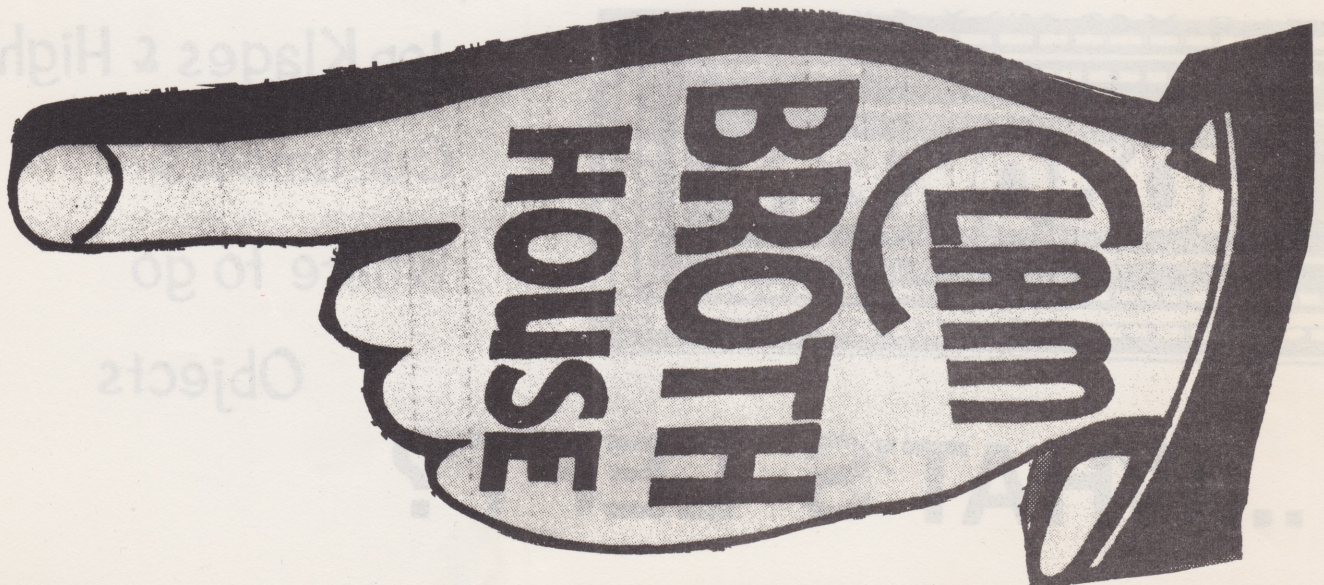
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A FEW CURSORY REMARKS

 In the spirit of the new year, we've experimented in this issue with a few new gimmicks - word processing on some of the stories, a new photo reproduction idea, and so on. The whole thing will probably turn out a blurry unreadable mess...but hey, that's progress, folks!

Next issue we're thinking of the possibility of a New Brunswick issue. So if you're in a band, or know someone in a band, or have a kid brother at Rutgers in a band, drop us a line and let us know about it.

Hoboken maps and Hoboken postcards (the latter by J.S. Watson, c. 1983) available at Good News Stationery, Hudson and Newark Sts, Hoboken.



our world & WELCOME TO IT

HOBOKEN is in the midst of an economic and demographic whirlwind: Things are changing, and fast. You've heard and read about the pop-music scene that developed in and around the Mile Square City in the early '80's: Maxwell's, the Bongos, the whole mystique of the "new pop music." At the bottom of all the hoopla lay a few simple economic and geographic facts - Hoboken's plentiful housing, its ironclad rent control laws, the quick 'n easy commute to Manhattan, the low fare of the PATH trains, and so on.

All these factors added up to make Hoboken the perfect bedroom community for young musicians, artists, actors, and the like. Hoboken is a cheaper and safer place to live than Manhattan - especially the neighborhoods that struggling performers can afford. That's all changing now. Every week, it seems, another Old World deli closes, another boutique or gourmet shoppe opens. Landlords, frustrated by years of artificially low rents, are gutting, rebuilding - in some cases, torching - their buildings; rent controlled apartments are being replaced by \$90,000 condos. As a new urban gentry moves in, the city's ethnic heart is being pushed out.

How much of the halcyon days of the Hoboken pop scene were real, and how much of it was hype? In this issue, we talk to some of the people who were there then - the rockers, the writers, the club folk. Even in the midst of chaotic change, the same factors that brought that first generation of pop bands and artists are still drawing hopeful young talent there today. Even if the clique from New York Rocker isn't around anymore to celebrate the scene in print, even if the bands that call Hoboken home today aren't stirring quite as much excitement as the bands of two and three years ago.

In this issue, we take a look at Hoboken today - who's left, what they're doing. This is only the tip of an iceberg; there are a lot of bands living, working, practicing at RPM studios, hanging out in Hoboken that we didn't get to, or haven't heard from yet. And we don't even begin to look at the artist's community, or the dancers, or the actors...

One thing hasn't changed: Maxwell's is still there, still getting people to talk about Hoboken as something special. For those of us who love the place, it's more than just somewhere to hear bands - it's a haven, a haunt; or like it says in the theme from Cheers, a place where everybody knows your name. And so we'd like to dedicate this issue to Steve Fallon, and Guy and Charlie in the dj booth, and the waiters and everybody else that makes the place special.

And now for something completely different...



**THE
WALKOTIANS**

YOUNG

HEGELIANS

★ ★ ★

Cant n'

Roll



Don't let the name fool you: The Young Hegelians may sound as if they stand on soapboxes in the park and rant & rave philosophical cant, but they turn out to be three post-punk garageband veterans with a trunkful of finger-poppin' good tunes and hearts full of (rubber)soul. Jordan Chassan and Jimmy Morrison got the idea to start the band when they bumped into one another while walking the streets of their current residence, Hoboken. Both had been around during the halcyon days at CBGB's - Chassan in Stuart's Hammer, Morrison in Tuff Darts (with then-unknown Robert Gordon).

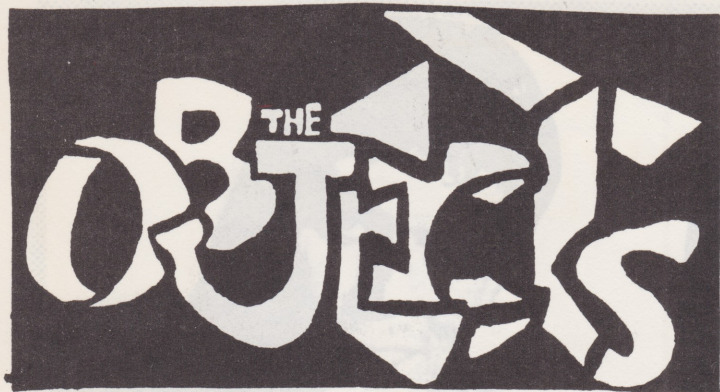
The Hegelians' sound begins with an undying love for the bouncy innocent pop/rock of the Beatles: Chassan's pizzicato guitar leads, Keith Stoutenberg's bounding bass riffs, and Morrison's rock-steady drumming add up to a lively, spirited, playful combo that would have enjoyed non-stop hits during the glory days of AM rock radio. Add the wraparound vocals of Chassan and Stoutenberg - two guys who harmonize on lead vocals with the same inspiring togetherness as Paul & Artie, or John and Paul - and the comparisons to Rubber Soul just come naturally.

Visually, Stoutenberg's non-stop grin and omnipresent neckerchief make him look like a tall, lanky Howdy Doody; he re-defines the word "beaming." Jordan Chassan is a lean, cleancut rockabilly type with a pleasant voice and a guitar style that sets the YH's apart from just about everybody else; with so many other bands around into Sixties music and sounds, I can't think of one that sounds even remotely like the Young Hegelians.

The band plans to start playing out more regularly; heretofore, their gigs have been limited to once-monthly appearances at CBGB. The band has been recording studio-quality demos and shopping them around to the majors; "this is definitely major league stuff here, we're going for the big time," says Chassan.

Hegel may not have understood, but I'm sure Lennon would have approved.

- Jim Testa



by Bruce Gallanter

"I like Hoboken a lot, 'cause there's lots of bars, funny stores, and because it's just a jump over the puddle to NYC, a nice place to raise your band up in."

- David Ribyat

"I would like Hoboken become known for its courage; and not its 'discourage' (artistically speaking)."

- Bill Gotebeski

There is reason to rejoice. An upsurge in intelligent, infectious, positive, and mildly psychedelic pop music has come upon us in recent years. We have been blessed with the dB's/Bongos/Riff Doctors from the north, and Let's Active/REM/Love Tractor from the south, with much of this music being sparkling, energetic, diverse, and instantly memorable.

Yet another band has recently emerged from Hoboken along similar lines. Make way for the Objects! Their just-released 12-song cassette is a pure breath of fresh pop air. Their sound is eclectic, quirky, jerky; they possess a vaguely familiar Sixties innocence, an occasionally silly bent sense of humor, and just enough twisted guitar parts to make the fuzztone freaks squirm. Although not as lyrically interesting as the Bongos, they always create a most convincing mood. And their bassist stands out with his constant throb.

Although their sound is their own, I hear snippets of a vast array of sources - from Elvis Costello to the Dave Clark 5, from Devo to the Incredible Casuals. With a good measure of jangling guitars ala' the Byrds as well. And this just describes Side 1 of their tape.

Strangely enough, Side 2 is distinctly different. An almost perfect outing, more on the edge, these songs show the Objects inventing a unique concoction of varying reggae-like grooves. "Solidarity" is a killer, an amazingly balanced psychedelic reggae tune; a first, I believe.

JG

and the initials

Joey George may be Hoboken's most peripatetic musician. From the backwater saloons of his hometown to the folkie clubs along Bleecker Street in Greenwich Village, George's involvement with a variety of music gets him on stage and performing. His posters and flyers are familiar sights along Hoboken's main thoroughfare, Washington Street. His two man/two woman rock combo, J.G. & the Initials, released an indie 45 last year and plan an e.p. in early '84. The group shows up frequently at the showcase (i.e. no cover) clubs like Kenny's Castaways in the Village, or the Hobok-Inn and Beat'n Path closer to home. With George's blues-flavored electric guitar as its mainstay, the sound of the Initials runs from country to salsa to soft rock.

With his wife, Judy O'Brien, George also plays an acoustic set, and with Juke Joint, a swing band, he gets to perform in dance and countryish clubs like City Limits in Manhattan. Finally, George sings in the Ad Libs, a Fifties doo wop combo (remember "Boy From New York City"?). Bop ditty shoop shoop, the boys gets around.

JON & the HIGH 5

TONTO TAKES OVER

Jon Klages & the High 5 is the latest band to come out of the Maxwell's/Hoboken pop scene. You might even call this combo a Hoboken super-group (relatively speaking). Jon Klages has been a fixture on the Maxwell's front for years - he played Tontq to Glenn Morrow's Lone Ranger in the Individuals during the band's first 3 years. As guitarist, vocalist, and (sometime) songwriter, Klages got a chance to tour the national club circuit, record, and enjoy some critical kudos as an Individual - the one thing he never managed to be in that group was a frontman. The High 5 changes all that.

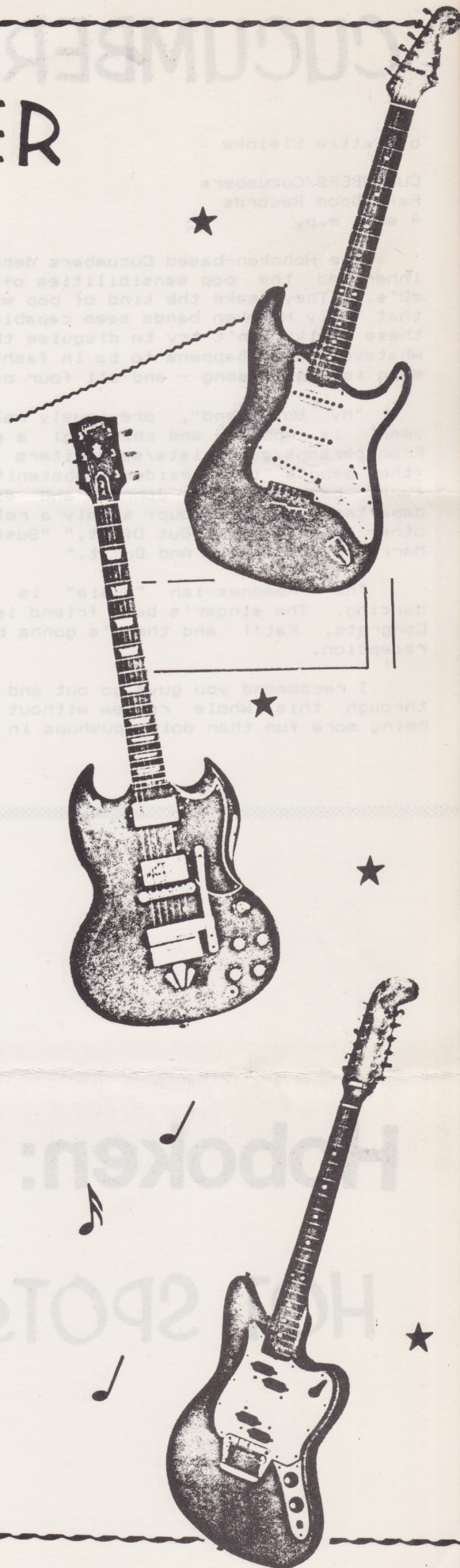
Here, Klages is front & center - songwriter, guitar, lead vocalist. His new songs, debuted in December at Maxwell's, have a silkier feel than the edgy stuff he played in the Indi's; almost a white soul, Hall & Oates sound. This is not (deep sigh of relief here) another Sixties revivalist pop band.

The other members of the band are familiar faces to Maxwell's regulars. Ira Kaplan, back in the early days of the Hoboken scene, helped put it on the map with his SOHO NEWS column and as an editor at the old NEW YORK ROCKER. More recently, he's been booking the popular "music for dozens" shows at Folk City. And with Georgia Hubley, the High 5's drummer, Kaplan has been playing around with some friends in basement bands like Georgia & Those Guys, A Worrying Thing, and the Astral Planes.

Dave Schramm, the High 5's bassist, came to Hoboken with his partner, Fred Brockman, and their band the Kinetics (which had enjoyed some success originally in Ohio, where the duo met). When the Kinetics broke up a few months ago, Schramm linked up with Klages & Co.

The fifth High 5 is Dave Bither, the wailing rib sax man, who gives the band its earthy Stax/Volt soul flavor.

It's more than just coincidence that this bunch hooked up together in a band. With the exception of Bither, the High 5 hang out with a crowd of Hoboken and NY musicians, writers, and music industry types who play softball all summer and go bowling in the winter. The scene that plays together, stays together.



CUCUMBERS - Pickled Pop

by Pattie Kleinke

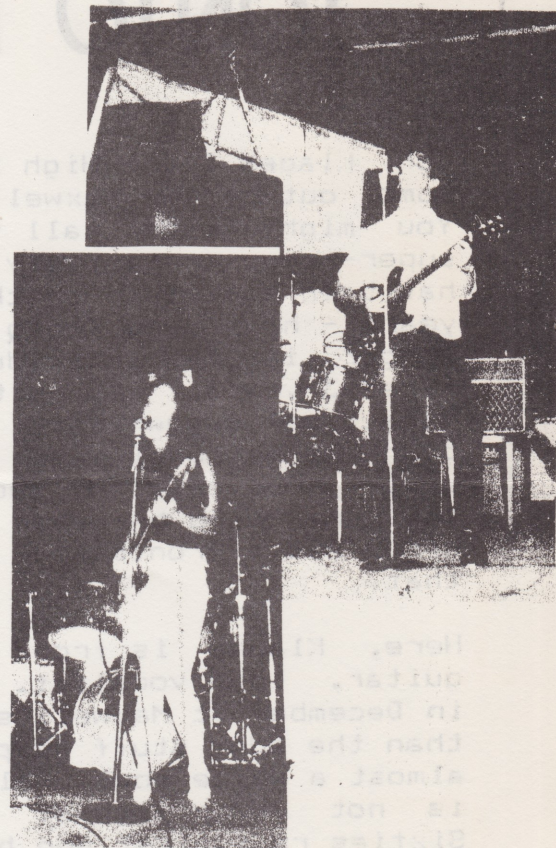
CUCUMBERS/Cucumbers
Fake Doom Records
4 song e.p.

The Hoboken-based Cucumbers debut ep shows that the band has inherited the pop sensibilities of the Bongos, Cyclones, and dB's. They make the kind of pop with substance, never wimpy, that only Hoboken bands seem capable of. Unlike the LA groups, these folks don't try to disguise their music as psychedelia or whatever else happens to be in fashion. The Cuc's know a good song is a good song - and all four of these qualify!

"My Boyfriend", previously released on a flexi-disc last year, is upbeat and charming; a good showcase for the band. Frontpersons/guitarists/songwriters Deena Shoskes and Jon Fried (the band's two resident Hobokenites) trade off vocals while funky bassist Nels Johnson and drummer Tommy Duncan (since departed from the group) supply a relentless beat. Ditto for the other songs: "Snap Out Of It," "Susie's Getting Married," "Go Ahead And Do It."

The Ramones-ish "Susie" is a great tune for frantic dancing. The singer's best friend is getting married (mine too - Congrats, Kat!) and there's gonna be plenty of pogoing at the reception.

I recommend you guys go out and buy this record. I even got through this whole review without one bad joke about this ep being more fun than doing pushups in a cucumber patch!



Hoboken: HOT SPOTS

MAXWELLS (1039 Washington St. @ 11th) is still the place to hear original music in Hoboken. The front of the place offers a upscale neighborhood bar for the town's new gentry (no TV set blaring the Knicks game in this place, just ferns and 11 kinds of imported beer) and the fabled backroom is where the music is. Fridays and Saturday nights only. The bands usually start about midnight; admission is \$5. Go to the front bar and order a John Courage on tap if you want to look like one of the regulars. The kitchen is excellent and food is usually served until 11:30 or 12.

Hebok-Inn (5th Street @ Bloomfield Street) is a neighborhood bar that does have a tv set and a lot of bluecollar regulars. But occasionally there are bands on weekends - no cover or a minimal one.

Mile Square City -(14th Street @ River Road), after a history as a biker bar and, briefly, a haven for local underground bands and hardcore, finally clicked with a family-oriented format that features ripe old Sixties doo wop outfits like the Harptones and the Lettermen. Not to everyone's taste, obviously, but where else can you hear the Moonglews nowadays? Cover varies.

Small World Cafe (14th Street @ Bloomfield Street) is a small jazz club. Dark, comfy, tres intime' - jazz buffs love it. No minimum, no cover. They don't advertise but they list the bands on the front door.

Court Street (Court Street Alley @ 9th Street) The main lures here are a burger and a brew, but there's live music four or five nights a week. Stevens Tech is just a half block away and a healthy portion of students fill the place, as well as young working types from the neighborhood. Bands usually include locals like the Cries and the Singing Plumbers; they're listed on a blackboard in the front window, or call for scheduling. No cover but the bands pass the hat.

Rosebud's (Washington Street @ 2nd Street) is a teenybopper hangout. A few months ago the club, clobbered by the new drinking age, lost most of its young clientele and dropped its cover-band format; a short-lived go at turning the place into a disco (complete with dress code) flopped too, and at present the current policy ranges somewhere in between - a dress code and cover bands. No place to be seen if you're ever 19. Cover is usually \$4.

Beat'n Path Cafe (Washington Street @ 2nd Street) - Adventurous entertainment bookings here include live theater, movies, and all kinds of music, from cocktail lounge piano to rock bands. The back room has a first-rate sound system, deejay booth, and good lighting - next to Maxwell's, the best place in Hoboken to see & hear a band. Locals like the Objects and J.G. & the Initials play there often. Cover varies.

LETTERS

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Dear Editor:

Thank you for the nice mention in the latest issue of Jersey Beat. As you may have noticed, I'm tired of new wave synth-pop music. Radio has once again become the vast wasteland it was during the heyday of mellow music, disco, Southern Rock, and other musical deformities. I have no hope commercial radio will ever return to its glory years of '64 to '68, when most major markets, with the exception of New York, opened up their airwaves to the Belfast Gipsies, Bohemian Vendetta, Gurus, and Electric Prunes. The only hope of ever spreading the word is through college radio and local fanzines. If we fail - and let's face it, we will fail - at least we will have had a good time trying.

There is one reservation I have about the Psixties revival, and I find myself guilty of it too, at times. That is the different connotations of the word "psychedelic." The best music of the Psixties was not at all psychedelic. Evolution into psychedelia (i.e. Hendrix, Grateful Dead, etc.) killed the garage movement. Psychedelia carried with it all the drug-induced delusions of greater awareness, emphasized musicianship, and lyrical advancement. That was all bullshit. Besides attaching the drug culture to rock music forever, psychedelia marked the slowing of the crude frenzied dance beats that underlined the glamor years. Shindig, Where The Action Is, and Hullabaloo were replaced by Woodstock, half a million stoned hippies sitting in the rain listening to the Dead, Sly, the Who, Crosby Stills & Nash, etc. ... Goodbye fun, hello mindless pretension to something better.

The next time I misuse the word psychedelic, remember that I'm saying now that I'll bite my tongue because of it. The Psixties revival will die if too many bands try to become "psychedelic" bands and not garage bands. The true spirit of rock and roll can be found by the oil slick under your '78 Toyota.

Bill Kelly
WFMU-FM

Dear Bill,

I absolutely agree that the first-generation "psychedelic" bands ruined rock music for a good long time. But as Humpty Dumpty told Alice, "words mean what we want them to," and "psychedelic" doesn't have the same connotations it used to. I date the confusion to Lenny Kaye's "Nuggets" compilation, in which he labelled garage bands like the Nazz, 13th Floor Elevators, and the Barbarians "Varty-facts of the first psychedelic era." Ever since, garage bands from the Slickee Boys to the Fleshtones have been branded "psychedelic." Let's hope that this time around, the psychedelipunks lay off the drugs, don't get pretentious, and keep the beat alive.

- J.T.



L TO R - NORMANDY - FRANZ - GIBSON - FIGLER

LORD JOHN: Groovy times

NEW BREED

by Jim Testa

Mods mean scooters, skinny ties and narrow-lapel sportcoats, Motown and the Who... The New Breed wear Edwardian suits they found in suburban flea markets and play old songs that still sound pretty great. Their new songs sound quite a bit like the old ones, but with more snap. These kids may have a thing for the Kinks and the Move, but they grew up with the Clash and the Sex Pistols, and it shows.

Dennis Mitchell writes, sings, & plays lead guitar for this teen quartet that hails from the heart of Mall Country - Paramus, NJ. His best asset is his voice - high, supple, flighty, a bit like Pete Shelley's but not as eccentric. The band's best songs have tricky little melodies and ear-catching hooks, the hookiest of which - "1001 Suburban Nights" - served the band well as their encore at a recent R.T. Firefly gig. It was a wild night, with Mod Fun raving it up in the headliners spot, and suburban NJ's entire Mod contingent (all 12 of them) decked out in their best Mod finery, getting properly snookered, and then pogoing and skanking like quadrophenic fiends all over the stage.

The rest of the New Breed show fine chops but could use a little more enthusiasm - they lay back and let Mitchell carry the whole show on his shoulders. Chris LaBianca is on bass, Tony Romano on guitar, and James Russell on drums. They're all natty, cute, and presentable, but they need to show more energy on stage. Mods don't stand still when there's rock n roll in the air.

The Breed's array of Mod and post-Mod covers ranges from the traditional (Who, Small Faces) to the obscure (Secret Affair); there are just too many covers and not enough originals (start writing, fellas!). Still, the potential is there: The band has a four-song demo cassette available through New Cassettes entitled "Something Young For A Change" (New Cassettes, 131 W. Passaic Street, Maywood, NJ, 07607), produced by Mod Fun's Mick London. Although it's a bit rough (sounds like it was recorded on a Walkman in a phone booth), the tape's catchy, earnest songs capture a bit of the Kinks and a touch of the punk generation too. You might say that the New Breed plays the Buzzcocks to Mod Fun's Jam. The two bands make a perfect twin bill, two sides of the same Mod coin. Heads, you win - tails, you win.

Good bet, eh?



Lord John takes psychedelic garageism and reworks the formula into a pleasant mess of meandering guitar breaks, grungey Doors-influenced vocals, and breakneck rockers. At their best, the four Lords capture the tension and urgency of Boston's Neats, which much of the same swirling energy. The slow numbers drag, with far too much guitar noodling - authentically "psychedelic," perhaps, but nothing to be nostalgic about. Far better are the fast songs, especially "Life Cycle," "I Could," and "The End;" here, the band suggests psychedelia by creating the idea that these uptempo rocktoons are working on your mind as well as your feet. Rhythm guitarist Thomas Gibon handles the vocals; lots of Jim Morrison in his voice, which ranges from a sexy mumble to soulful grimaces - a really good garagey presence. Ray Normandy's lead guitar handles the "psychedelic" leads and solos, while Franz' bass keeps a bouncy bottom, often offering counterpoint melodies. J. Figler's bam! crash! clatter! drumming gives the whole thing the right beat. The band's been a quartet for about half a year; so far, they've mostly played the New Brunswick area.

- J.T.

THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS is a Philly-based powerpop trio with a strong Sixties feel and all the usual accoutrements: Twangy guitars, tight harmony vocals, lighthearted lyrics, and a straightforward innocence that's more convincing than most. Todd Louis (guitar), Seth Addams (bass), and Howard Hill (drums) comprise the current lineup; the band started as the Jags five years ago and released an indie single. The IY's are currently promoting a 3-song cassette-only release and have done a few dates with L.A.'s insufferably gooey 3 O'Clock, suggesting a tentative leap onto the Psychedelic Revival bandwagon. Of the tape's 3 tunes, only "Flower Girl" merits the psychedelic tag - it's a slow, pretty ballad drowned in guitars, not unlike Rain Parade. "Her Father Suspects" offers a much-welcomed sense of humor in its look at modern dating, while "9:45" combines psychedelic lyrics ("Fade to black 'cause black's the place to be" and such) with a bouncy uptempo poptoon. When they played Maxwell's recently, the band's songs came across fine - all 3 IY's sing well and harmonize beautifully, and the playing's strong as well - but they were a little lacking in stage presence. Hopefully, they'll find a style of their own and not reappear in paisley and polka-dots. There's enough of that around already.

- Jim Testa

Impossible Years



BIFF! BAM! ZOWIE! 99th Floor, Ron Rimsite's psychedelic 'zine about the golden age of garage rock, is finally out with Ish #5 and the long-awaited 99th Floor flexi-disc. You get 3 songs - one from Milwaukee's Plasticland and two from hometown heroes the Vipers and Fuzztones. The 'zine itself is loaded with interviews with rock heroes you probably thought were dead: Blues Magoos, the United States of Existence, Chocolate Watch Band, record reviews, and lots more. Only \$2 from 145 Marks Place, No. Bergen, NJ 07047. Far out!

Flesh & Bones, the suburban hardcore fanzine, is finally out with a new issue. The same fine art, photos, and quality reproduction distinguish this ish, although a lot of the stories are badly dated (that happens when you publish twice a year). And in hardcore, old news ain't hardly news at all. Still, interviews with NJ's Finest, Mourning Noise, Double Cross, Massacre Guys, and lots more. \$1 from Jeff J., 351 Beechwood Ave., Middlesex, NJ 08846.

Surplus Value just gets better and better with its coverage of the Philly/South Jersey pop and hardcore scene. Send 2 stamps to PO Box 65, Morrisville, PA 19067.

START! is Mick London's mod 'zine. Fun graphics, short interviews, and all the latest news on Mod Fun and Co. Send stamps to 131 W. Passaic Ave., Maywood, NJ 07607.

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'ZINE SCENE

SHORT TAKES

HAWK FIRE metal

HAWKFIRE

5-song cassette

P.O. Box 1882, Fort Lee, NJ 07024

In our neverending quest for eclecticism, we offer this heavy-metal thunder from local metal mavens Hawkfire. The prototypical shrill scream of vocalist Johnny Lee Leone could use some toning down, but otherwise these headbangers rock out just fine in the new "fast-metal" mode. Kudos to the rhythm section - Joe "Sexxe" Pytel on bass and Rich "Chard" Mattalian on drums - for kicking in like Motorhead. If this is your cup of decibels, check 'em out.

BRANIAC-5

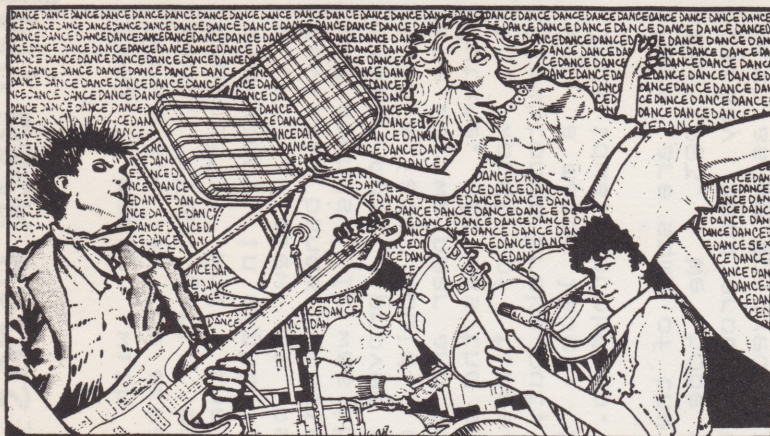
"Reptile Woman"/"Electro Shock Therapy"

Braniac - 5/P.O. Box 91, New Brunswick, NJ 08903
(\$2.50)

A new genre - synth-pop without synthesizers. This New Brunswick-based dance-rock combo offers two so-so tunes ("Reptile Woman" sounds like the Doors with microchip circuitry) at twice the usual tempo for this kind of stuff. Interesting enough, with Sue Grey's flouncy vocals mixed up high. Too gimmicky and techno-pop for these ears, though.

The PUKES

We caught up with these four baby-faced teenypunks at a hardcore matinee at New Brunswick's Patrix. The guitarist is great - an innovatively noisy little peckerwood - the singer's a natural, and they can write songs! Powerful slamming Sex Pistols punk sound overall. Up and coming and, hey, what are they? 14, 15 years old? Inspirational Song Title: "Don't You Wish Life Was Like A Soda Commercial?"



REGRESSIVE AID

by Bruce Gallanter

Effects On Exposed People/Regressive Aid

Rhesus Records/383 Lawrenceville Rd, Lawrenceville, NJ 08638 (\$5)

The main elements of early '70's jazz/rock fusion were the incredible intensity (and often volume) as well as the technical prowess of the instrumentalists. I've noticed that in the past few years a number of newer "rock" bands have picked up where this intensity level had left off: DNA, Ism, Shockabilly, the Minutemen, the Feelies, Sonic Youth, 1/2 Japanese, Live Skull, and the Swans all fall into this category. Of course, hardcore has this adrenalin explosion as its source too, but the bands I'm talking about are a bit more diverse. Some of these bands tend to forsake structure in place of total force.

Regressive Aid has learned to harness this extreme, thus pushing "fusion" to a new level of reckoning. The band's distinctive sound is a unique combination of explosive rock, modern jazz, funk, hardcore, and a symphonic exposition of heavy metal. Yet much of their music is danceable, in a challenging way.

TOP TEN '83 (Bruce Gallanter)

1. Fred Frith - Cheaper At Half Price
2. Richard Thompson - Hand Of Kindness
3. Minutemen - Buzz Or Howl
4. Ben Watt - North Marine Drive
5. Dream Syndicate - Days of Wine & Roses
6. Shockabilly - Dawn Of...
7. P.Funk All Stars - Urban Dancefloor Guerillas
8. Regressive Aid - Effects on Exposed People
9. XTC - Murmur
10. Barone & Mastro - Nuts & Bolts

Single of the Year

"Devil's Child"/"Skholastic Ambush" - Young Turks

The band's first LP, "Effects On Exposed People," was released a few months back. It is a masterpiece of unusually well-planned extremes. All 3 members are first-rate musicians; and while guitarist Billy Tucker often totally overwhelms his live audiences with wailing walls of onslaught, this record shows the immense discipline of the trio. All 3 players get a chance to stretch out and provide direction: Andrew Weiss (bass and metal cans) and Simeon Cain (drums) provide the powerhouse rhythm team.

Each musician is usually a well-defined character in different sets of stories/journeys, all working as one unit: "Years & Years" - an almost Santana-like demon groove. "Abominable" - an incredibly well worked out high-speed scheme, on the edge of frenzy. "Photo Spreads" - a bizarre hyper swing of constantly shifting elements, with masterful Zappa-like precision. And "Anti-Chair" - put on your dancing shoes, this is it! A devastating electric feedback storm, no turning back!

My Back Pages



1983 began with Kraut's anthemic "Onward," as the area's best hardcores sang. "You gotta go backwards to go onward!" And the year ended with everybody in sight taking that advice - with a slew of psychedelic Sixties revival bands infusing new energy into old sounds. It was the year that MTV and video music proved they would be more than a fad; would, quite likely, change the way we hear and buy rock music in the future. It was the best of times, it was the worst of times... REM and the Fleshtones broke out, the Bongos recorded for a major label, Minor Threat and the Individuals broke up.

Here are some of the records we enjoyed in 1983. We hope you enjoyed having Jersey Beat around for the past year as much as we enjoyed being here.

Happy new year. And onward.

1. Fleshtones, Hexbreaker
2. REM, Murmur
3. Minor Threat, Out Of Step
4. Neats, Neats-The Album and Money's Head...
5. Kraut, An Adjustment to Society
6. Ramones, Subterranean Jungle
7. Replacements, Hootenanny

HONOR ROLL

LOCALS: FROZEN CONCENTRATE, YOUNG TURKS,
BOUNCING BALLS, SOUL ATTACK
BEST NEW BANDS: MOD FUN, SECRET SYDE



by Jim Testa

As 1983 becomes 1984, it's time for the traditional year-end wrapups. Before I issue the annual Pattie K Awards, let me explain this: Although this here 'zine is called Jersey Beat, and we do cover mostly Jersey bands, you will notice that only a couple of those are mentioned here. The reason: Unlike other writers for those big publications - Village Voice, etc. - I do not receive free records in the mail; I have to buy like all you other guys out there. So my limited budget goes for what I believe will be the cream of the crop, stuff I've heard on college radio and in clubs. That out of the way, here we go...

pop world



FAVORITE LP: MURMUR, R.E.M.
FAVORITE EP: TRUE WEST
FAVORITE 45: "WHAT'S SHE DONE TO MY MIND" - RAIN PARADE
FAVORITE NJ 45: "SHE'S SO CYNICAL" - MODULATORS
FAVORITE BAND: R.E.M.
FAVORITE LOCAL BAND: RED BUCKETS
FAVORITE NON-U.S. BAND: THE ALARM
FAVORITE MALE VOCALIST: MICHAEL STIFE, R.E.M.
FAVORITE SHOW: R.E.M./NEATS, QUEEN'S COLLEGE, OCTOBER.
FAVORITE DANCE BAND: LYRES
MOST PROMISING BAND: BARRENCE WHITFIELD & THE SAVAGES
MOST VALUABLE PLAYER: MITCH EASTER
BEST INSTRUMENTAL RECORD: DANNY AMIS' WHIFLASH

Although there were many good ips released last year, most of them on small indie labels, you'd never know it if you came over to my house. Seems the only long-player that graced my turntable was "Murmur." Over 200 times, to be exact. It wasn't love at first listen, either, as is the case with most of my favorite records. Other noteworthy ips include those by Rain Parade, Barone/Mastro (the 1/2 Bongos duet fared better than the Bongos' "Numbers With Wings" ep. Also, ips by the Replacements, the Neats, Rainy Day, Chesterfield Kings, the Church, the Soft Boys (posthumously), Kimberley Rew's Waves, Yaz, the Barracudas, and Green On Red.

Lots of new, young, exciting bands released ep's in 1983: True West's got the biggest workout from me. For a while, I needed a daily fix of "Hollywood Holiday." The rest of my EP Picks include the Hawaiian Pups, Jason & the Nashville Scorcher's, Let's Active, Long Ryders, Unclaimed, Bluebells (try to listen to "Cath" and then not hum it the rest of the day), the Smitherens, the Alarm, and Los Lobos.

All in all, '83 was not that bad a year (except for commercial radio, with the "station that dares to be different" turning into unlistenable robot Top 40). Thanks to everyone who helped make all the good things happen: Charlie, Bill, and (especially) Arthur for transportation; Cheryl, Sally, and Jim for the tapes; Marleen for the REM stuff; Liz for her support; Jim for letting me write this here column (even if I'm usually late); and WFMT for daring to be different.

Now, welcome to... 1984.

by Patty K